

## **"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2015"**

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# **HIDE AND SEEK**

## **2015**

(ONE HUNDRED & EIGHTEENTH YEAR)

**A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY  
OF QUOTATIONS  
FOR COMPETITION**

## **HIDE AND SEEK 2016**

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COMPILED BY

**KENNETH THORNTON**

PRICE - £3.00



## RULES

1. The answers, with full references and with the coupon attached, must be sent in by **1<sup>st</sup> November 2015**. The envelope should be addressed to:  
**Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA**, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant: Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned, with the answer sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!

COUPON

2015

Please ignore the Coupon  
- not necessary to attach it  
to an entry -

(Best wishes for 2015  
from Kenneth.)

## JANUARY

### I

*I saw within the wheelwright's shed  
The big round cartwheels, blue and red;  
A plough with blunted share;  
A blue tin jug; a broken chair;*

....

*And tools on benches neatly laid,  
The brace, the adze, the awl;*

### II

The veneer and glue-pot, the confectioner's ornaments, the decanter  
and glasses, the shears and flat-iron,  
The awl and knee-strap, the pint measure and quart measure, the  
counter and stool, the writing-pen of quill or metal, the making  
of all sorts of edged tools,

### III

Cabinet-hinges, casement-fasteners,  
Mirror-clips and drugget-pins,  
Ball-catches and bale-latches,  
Curtain-hooks and curtain-rings,  
Brass cabin hooks and brass escutcheons,  
Cotter-keys and trammel-wedges

### IV

An old sword-blade,  
A garden spade,  
A hoe, a rake, a ladder;  
A wooden can,  
A close-stool pan,  
A clyster-pipe, and bladder.

### V

We got an old tin lantern, and a butcher knife without any  
handle, and a bran-new Barlow knife worth two bits in any  
store, and a lot of tallow candles, and a tin candlestick, and  
a gourd, and a tin cup,

### VI

— old doors,  
old beams, boxes, window - frames,  
a rag doll, sacks, flex, old newspapers,  
burst shelves, a shoe, old dusters, rags of  
wallpaper roses. And they all stand round,  
and cheer the tenement to smoke.

## FEBRUARY

I

Why, I am so safe  
That if an ichthyosaurus came outside  
In the bright moon, and with soft primitive paws  
Snuffed at the window-pane, I should not stir!

II

As a Stegosaurus, a lumbering obsolete  
Arsenal of gigantic horn and plate  
From a time when half the world still burned,

III

Once the mastodon was: pterodactyls were common as cocks:  
Then the mammoth was God : now is He a prize ox.

IV

And lo! beyond the Sugar Pops,  
An acetate *Triceratops*.  
And here! across the Shredded Wheat,  
The spoor of *Brontosaurus* feet.

V

But, that Babel may rise, they must first work downward  
To subliminate previous and premature foundations.  
Bulldozer, dinosaur, pinheaded diplodocus,  
Champ up forgotten and long-dry water-pipes.

VI

For there before us  
The breast bones of a ponderous *Brontosaurus*  
Gleamed suddenly, and, as the sun lit upon  
The mighty Mesozoic skeleton,  
The beast seemed living

## MARCH

### I

Close as a cloak clings the bookshop smell,  
Soothing, unique and reminding:  
Wrapping the visitor into its spell,  
With essence of books and binding.

### II

Sam Johnson was of Michael Johnson born;  
Whose shop of books did Litchfield town adorn:  
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a halter'd Ram;  
In short, the model of our Hero Sam:  
Inclined to madness too; for when his shop  
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,  
For fear the thieves might steal the vanish'd store  
He duly went each night and lock'd the door.

### III

Little Peter was planting rows of clothes pegs between the  
rows of early French beans. 'Why's Christine late?' he asked.  
'She's been working for this lady.'  
'What for?'  
'She's got a shop full of books for people to read?'  
'What for?'

### IV

In Bristol, to escape the drizzle  
One November afternoon, I ventured  
Into a large book shop, George's,  
Opposite the university where I was  
To read that same evening.

### V

Most of us have smiled to see them there  
On market stalls, at jumble sales, in rows  
On dainty shelves in twilight bookshops, where  
Mild yet vulturine explorers nose  
Wheezily through seventeenth-century prose  
And cough and chumble in that studious air.

### VI

At the very hour of dinner,  
when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by  
sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous  
a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs  
of famine. My Heyne's *Tibullus* was grasped at such a  
moment. It lay on the stall of the old book-shop in Goodge Street —

## APRIL

### I

Your hat is made of ivy-leaf,  
Of bark your dancing shoes,  
And evergreen and green and green  
Your jacket and shirt and trews.

### II

'Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;  
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

'What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?  
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:  
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;  
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!'

### III

Though it was not the true green, not the green of spring  
But green before the green, a spring before the spring —  
A green deception in the hedge, lichen as heavy  
On every branch and twig as if they had leafed already  
To a green mist;

### IV

Green fingers, green hand, by now green man  
All through, with sap for blood,  
Menial to it, gross nature,  
And governor of a green tribe  
No law can tame,

### V

And on the western window panes,  
The chilly sunset faintly told  
Of unmatu'r'd green vallies cold,  
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,  
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,  
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,  
And daisies on the aguish hills.

### VI

So in a green dream of sweet fertility let us  
Kneel in sorrow, carefully plant our seeds  
And exhale good air and leave it to others too,  
May the green, unpolluted waves turn over and over  
Till green is the colour of safety and survival,  
And may green be our freshness for the last redemption.



## MAY

### I

The first bare foot of summer  
Stepped there this morning, the print  
Heavier than all the shoes  
Of winter. Did the swimmer  
Shake off the sea as he went  
Inland to his sunlit house?

### II

Then before breakfast down toward the sea  
I ran alone, monarch of miles of sand,  
Its shining stretches satin-smooth and vein'd.  
I felt beneath bare feet the lugworm casts  
And walked where only gulls and oyster-catchers  
Had stopped before me to the water's edge.  
The morning tide flowed in to welcome me,

### III

Sudden summer lay sticky as tar  
Under bare white feet.  
Stale, soot-spotted heapings of winter  
Shrank in the street.

### IV

The coarse mop of black hair was long and swung down,  
almost concealing a low, broad forehead. He wore the  
remains of shorts and his feet were bare like Jack's.

### V

All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

### VI

"I've got one", cried sister to brother.  
"I've got two." "Now I've got another."  
But scudding away on their little bare feet,  
They left the shade in the sunny street.

## JUNE

### I

With strawberry jam and cream for tea,  
Plum-cake a-following after;  
It always seems, it seems to me  
There's room enough for laughter,  
Jolly laughter.

### II

Sing me at dawn but only with your laugh:  
Like sprightly Spring that laugheth into leaf;  
Like Love, that cannot flute for smiling at Life.

### III

He found the plump woman rather flushed and tearful, and  
seated at one of the green tables outside.  
'I been laughing at you,' she said.  
'What for?' asked \_\_\_\_\_.  
'I ain't 'ad such a laugh since Jim come 'ome. When you  
'it 'is 'ead, it 'urt my side.'  
'It didn't hurt his head – not particularly.'

### IV

That time you laughed  
Fell over on the floor laughing  
  
And then my laughter too caught fire  
One blaze of both our laughing  
  
Remembered across distances long after

### V

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

### VI

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,  
Come live & be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, He!"



## JULY

### I

the day will break as  
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow  
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers  
Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

### II

Barrows had chinaware, knives and blue razors,  
Black twisted tobacco to pare in the claypipe  
And the ha'penny harp that is played on a finger.

### III

His hair was dark his lips were fat  
(O lend me a tanner!)  
His hair was dark his lips were fat  
He wore a greeny yellow hat  
(Sing you O to me O)  
And the river rolls away.

### IV

Baffled and full of despair, he wandered blindly down the  
platform where the train was standing, and tears trickled  
down each side of his nose. It was hard, he thought, to be  
within sight of safety and almost of home, and to be baulked by  
the want of a few wretched shillings and by the pettifoggish  
mistrustfulness of paid officials.

### V

When she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half a crown;

### VI

'Set it higher, auctioneer,' said the trusser.  
'Two guineas!' said the auctioneer; and no one  
replied.

## AUGUST

I

(cruel feet march because of this  
ungainly men sprawl over us).

II

(That's a parenthesis. The very name  
Of garden really carries one astray!)

III

(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

IV

(It looked ancient enough, that tree, to have carried the seed  
Of Adam's Fall.)

V

(The phrase occurred to me while I was leaning  
On an old balustrade; imbibing sunset;  
Wrapped in my verse vocation) —

VI

(Bravo, bravissimo! this time though  
You rather were run short for rhyme though;  
Not that on that account your verse  
Could be much better or much worse.)

## SEPTEMBER

### I

A ladder strung with webs  
stepped out of summer  
into harp-strings of light,  
apple-breath, the slow let of saps  
and a distilling dark.

### II

The cherry-pickers left their picking  
And ladders through the branches sticking  
And cherries hung like gouts of blood  
Down the long aisles of white-washed wood.

### III

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,  
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.  
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.  
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin  
The rumbling sound  
Of load on load of apples coming in.

### IV

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,  
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,  
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.

### V

Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends  
whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She  
has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it;  
pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced degree by  
degree.

### VI

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry; — and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross



## OCTOBER

### I

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,  
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words;

### II

Saint Francis found his way (saints, in a dream,  
An ecstasy, slip in and out of time)  
Into the computer shop. The chipper little chaps  
All chrome and plastic, stainless steel,  
Gleaming and winking, chirped and buzzed and whirred  
And pipped and peeped, much like the congregation  
The saint had just been preaching to —

### III

When Francis preached love to the birds  
They listened, fluttered, throttled up  
Into the blue like a flock of words

Released for fun from his holy lips.

### IV

whose lopsided mouth  
said *Grazie* in a voice as sweet  
as a child's when she speaks to her mother  
or a bird's when it spoke  
to St. Francis.

### V

Don't let me take any horses home with me. It doesn't  
matter so much about stray dogs and kittens, but elevator boys  
get awfully stuffy when you try to bring in a horse. You might just  
as well know that about me now, Fred. You can always tell  
that the crash is coming when I start getting tender about Our  
Dumb Friends. Three highballs, and I think I'm St. Francis of Assisi.

### VI

Are we devils? Are we men?  
Sweet St Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers  
Sisters, brothers – and the beasts – whose pains are hardly less than ours!

## NOVEMBER

### I

He is busy  
identifying fungi in Skelghyll Wood,  
comparing them with the pictures in his mind:  
Purple Blewit, Yellow Prickle Fungus,  
Puffball, Russula, two kinds of Boletus —  
the right weather for them.

### II

Off with a basket she will go  
To find if, where the fields begin,  
Some palatable fungi grow,  
And if so, bring them in;

### III

Down at the stonework base, among the stump —  
Fungus and feather moss,  
Dead leaves are sunken in a shallow sump  
Of energy and loss,

### IV

There are more species  
Of moulds and fungi  
Than of all the flowering  
Plants of the earth —  
And the flowers, under lowering  
Back-end skies,  
Dying, admit:  
It's one way of living.

### V

Nicely groomed, like a mushroom  
standing there so sleek and erect and eyeable —  
and like a fungus, living on the remains of bygone life  
sucking his life out of the dead leaves of greater life  
than his own.

### VI

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould  
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;  
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

## DECEMBER

### I

You must be informed then, that *Gastripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on — observing a wicker-basket of fine chestnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over —

### II

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munched and munched and munched

### III

*'Roast chestnuts, a shilling  
a bag.'* Shilling and bag  
change hands by brazier light.  
And there they stand shelling  
plump kernels

### IV

Take a Pig, three or four years of age, and tie him by the off-hind leg to a post. Place 5 pounds of currants, 3 of sugar, 2 pecks of peas, 18 roast chestnuts, a candle, and six bushels of turnips, within his reach; if he eats these, constantly provide him with more.

### V

Untill the fired Chesnuts leape  
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,  
From the plumpe Chalice, and the Cup,  
That tempts till it be tossed up:

### VI

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put on the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire.



# ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2014

## JANUARY 'STREETS OF LONDON'

- I. T.S. Eliot, 'The Waste Land', III. The Fire Sermon, // 257-258
- II. Edgell Rickword, 'The Encounter', // 15-19
- III. John Gay, 'Trivia, Or the Art of Walking the Streets of London', Book II 'Of Walking the Streets by Day', // 243-244
- IV. Jane Austen, 'Sense and Sensibility', Volume II, Chapter 5
- V. William Plomer, 'Mews Flat Mona : A Memory of the 'Twenties', // 56-59
- VI. R. H. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby), 'The House-Warming!!', // 300-303

## FEBRUARY 'WILL-O'-THE-WISP.'

- I. Robert Herrick, Hesperides, 'The Temple', // 30-31
- II. 'Lewis Carroll', 'The Hunting of the Snark', Fit the Second, The Bellman's Speech, Sta. 16, // 61-64
- III. Charles Dickens, 'Old Curiosity Shop', Chapter L (Quilp speaking)
- IV. Denise Levertov, 'The Illustration', Sta. 4, // 13-16
- V. Walter de la Mare, 'Will-o'-the-Wisp', // 13-16
- VI. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 'Song for the Fourteenth of February', Sta. 6, // 41-48

## MARCH 'AUNTS'

- I. Rose Macaulay, 'The Towers of Trebizond', Chapter 3
- II. A.E. Housman, 'Aunts and Nieces or, Time and Space', // 3-4
- III. Roger McGough, 'Aunt Ermintrude', // 14-20
- IV. Donald Davie, 'Abbeyforde', // 1-8
- V. Oscar Wilde, 'The Importance of Being Earnest', Act 1 (spoken by Algernon)
- VI. Hilaire Belloc, 'Aunt Jane', Sta.1, // 1-4

## APRIL 'FOOLS'

- I. Charles Lamb, Essays of Elia, 'All Fools' Day', from final para.
- II. W.B. Yeats, 'Two Songs of a Fool', Sta. 3, I, // 13-18
- III. Alexander Pope, 'An Essay on Man', Epistle IV, // 230-232
- IV. G.K. Chesterton, 'The Donkey', Sta. 4, // 13-16
- V. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 'Maud', V, VII, // 246-251
- VI. Walter Savage Landor, 'Plays', Sta. 2, // 4-8

## MAY 'POETS' HOMES'

- I. Norman Nicholson, 'Cowper', Sta. 2, // 7-8
- II. Charles Causley, 'At the Grave of John Clare', // 28-32
- III. John Heath-Stubbs, 'Whom Sappho Loved', Sta. 2, // 13-16
- IV. William Hazlitt, 'My First Acquaintance with Poets' (April 1823)
- V. Thom Gunn, 'Keats at Highgate', // 9-13
- VI. Amy Clampitt, 'Grasmere' // 16-22

## JUNE 'U To Z'

- I. Norman MacCaig, 'Caterpillar', // 6-9
- II. Ted Hughes, 'Eclipse', // 106-111
- III. James Reeves, 'W', // 1-5
- IV. Peter Porter, 'St. Cecilia's Day Epigrams', 2, // 7-8
- V. Ivor Gurney, 'To Y', // 15-17
- VI. Stephen Spender, 'The Alphabet Tree', // 29-35

## JULY 'CATHEDRALS'

- I. Siegfried Sassoon, 'Dead Musicians', I, // 3-8
- II. John Keats, 'On Visiting Staffa', // 35-38
- III. Hart Crane, 'Virginia', // 23-25
- IV. H.W. Longfellow, 'Nuremberg', // 15-16
- V. R.L. Stevenson, 'An Inland Voyage', Noyon Cathedral
- VI. George Darnley, 'Nepenthe', Canto II, // 776-785

## AUGUST 'CHILDREN'S GAMES'

- I. A.E. (George Russell), 'Frolic', Sta. 2, // 5-8
- II. Edward Thomas, 'The New Year', // 9-12
- III. C.S. Calverley, 'Play', Sta. 2, // 17-20
- IV. John Clare, 'Rural Evening', // 28-30
- V. Laurie Lee, 'Cider with Rosie', Chapter 8
- VI. George Eliot, 'Brother and Sister', X, // 5-8

## MARKS LIST 2014

### SEPTEMBER 'RAINBOWS'

- I. Emily Dickinson, No. 257, *ll.* 12-16
- II. Kathleen Raine, 'On a Shell-Strewn Beach', *ll.* 21-29
- III. S.T. Coleridge, 'Hymn Before Sun-Rise, in the Vale of Chamouni', *ll.* 53-57
- IV. John Donne, 'An Anatomie of the World', The First Anniversary, *ll.* 348-352
- V. Elizabeth Bishop, 'The Fish', *ll.* 68-75
- VI. W.H. Davies, 'A Great Time', *ll.* 5-10

### OCTOBER 'PLOUGHING'

- I. Robert Burns, 'My Father Was a Farmer', Sta. 5, *ll.* 17-20
- II. Charlotte Mew, 'Old Shepherd's Prayer', Sta. 2, *ll.* 5-6
- III. John Davidson, 'A Cinque Port', Sta. 3, *ll.* 13-18
- IV. Ruth Pitter, 'The Ploughboy's Plea', Sta. 1, *ll.* 1-8
- V. William Wordsworth, 'Michael', *ll.* 476-478
- VI. G.M. Hopkins, 'Harry Ploughman', *ll.* 12-13

### NOVEMBER 'OLIVES'

- I. Edward Gibbon, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire', Vol. 1, Chapt. 2
- II. Roy Campbell, 'Autumn', Sta. 3, *ll.* 11-15
- III. William Shakespeare, Sonnet 107, *ll.* 5-8
- IV. Jon Stallworthy, 'Climbing Parnassus', I, *ll.* 21-27
- V. Patricia Beer, 'To the South', *ll.* 15-16
- VI. Virginia Woolf, 'To the Lighthouse', Chapter 17

### DECEMBER 'CHRISTMAS PRESENTS'

- I. C. Day Lewis, 'Christmas Eve', Sta. 5, *ll.* 25-30
- II. Elizabeth Jennings, 'Christmas', *ll.* 4-9
- III. Mary Webb, 'To Mother · Christmas, 1920', *ll.* 5-8
- IV. 'Saki' (H.H. Munro), 'Reginald on Christmas Presents'
- V. John Betjeman, 'Advent 1955', *ll.* 37-44
- VI. U.A. Fanthorpe, 'The Sheepdog', *ll.* 10-16

### FIRST PRIZE

Alan Hollinghurst .....	710
Mrs. A.E. Sheehan-Hunt .....	710

### SECOND PRIZE

Judith Neal and Adam Potheary .....	690
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### THIRD PRIZE

Anne Polhill .....	685
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Steve Osborn .....	625
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Mrs. P. Pearce .....	595
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W. A. Kyle .....	585
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Hilary Adams and Beryl Cawood .....	575
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June Walker .....	575
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Tom Durham .....	305
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Meryl Foster .....	285
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Gillian Carter .....	260
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Ms Florence Yarwood .....	200
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Olga Easy.....	125
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## NOTES

I notice that one of the O.E.D. definitions of 'seeker' is 'explorer'. That has changed my view of you. Up to now I had pictured all of you sitting in easy chairs, calmly leafing through piles of books in search of quotations. But now I have a vision of you as intrepid explorers, courageously venturing into the vast world of English literature, making amazing discoveries in the face of great difficulties.

And what a fine bunch of Marco Polos you are! Your 2014 report card reads 'Well done!' Many of you increased your marks. Every quotation was found; each by more than one person – so no bonuses could be awarded for outstanding cleverness! That means that my 2014 report card must read 'Could do better!' Obviously I need to make the competition more challenging!

The two quotations which seemed to cause the most difficulty were October IV and December III, presumably because the former was one of Ruth Pitter's later poems and because the latter was by a rather neglected writer, Mary Webb. Apparently the lines quoted in June III are to be found in 'Jamboree' by David McCord, and several of you reported (sometimes with the aid of the 'wicked' Internet – the epithet comes from one of you!) that September II was from 'At the Beachhouse' by Magdalene Collums, whoever she may be. There are plagiarists in the poetic house, it seems; but who copied from whom? Although I haven't been able to check these attributions, I awarded 5 points for McCord and Collums, but stuck with James Reeves and Kathleen Raine as the original, and preferred, answers. A number of you had difficulty with Edgell Rickword's surname – perhaps because you were concentrating so much on spelling his first name correctly! He may not be in the premier league of poets, but the poem is in the Oxford Book of 20<sup>th</sup> c. English Verse.

As always your caustic comments and witticisms (intended and unintended) made me chuckle. I greatly enjoy hearing of instances of serendipity, of my having quoted one of your favourite poems, of long searches rewarded with success, of quotations recalling events and experiences of your youth, and of your purchases of books to help in your seeking (good to know that H&S is doing its bit to keep secondhand bookshops open in these difficult days).

Of course, copies of H&S are bought by people who do not enter the Competition; I am grateful to them for their interest and support. But I offer a special thank you to the faithful 14 who again this year have sent in entries; H & S couldn't survive without you. If I catch myself grumbling about the work and expense involved in keeping H & S going, I only need to get out your notes and letters to remind myself that it's definitely a job worth doing. So, many thanks for the pleasure you give to me!

Your books may have been enjoying a brief rest on their shelves, but here's H&S 2015, with new challenges for you and for them. I have tried to choose themes which will interest you. I know that you enjoy bookshops and like to laugh. If you're the type who makes lists, you'll feel at home with January. I hope that you're fond of dinosaurs, of climbing ladders and of going barefoot; and that you have a taste for chestnuts and fungi. Pre-decimalisation coins should make you feel nostalgic. And I'm hoping that St. Francis is your favourite saint, and that you are all good environmentalists and love the colour green. There's a bit of history to the August theme. Many years ago there was a quotation in brackets which, I'm ashamed to say, I failed to find. But it had the effect of making me somewhat obsessive about what poets put 'in parenthesis'. I'm sorry if August makes all of you suffer from a bout of 'Brackets on the Brain'!

Thank you for suggestions about improvements to the booklet, and about attracting more seekers. I've taken note, and, in some cases, already acted.

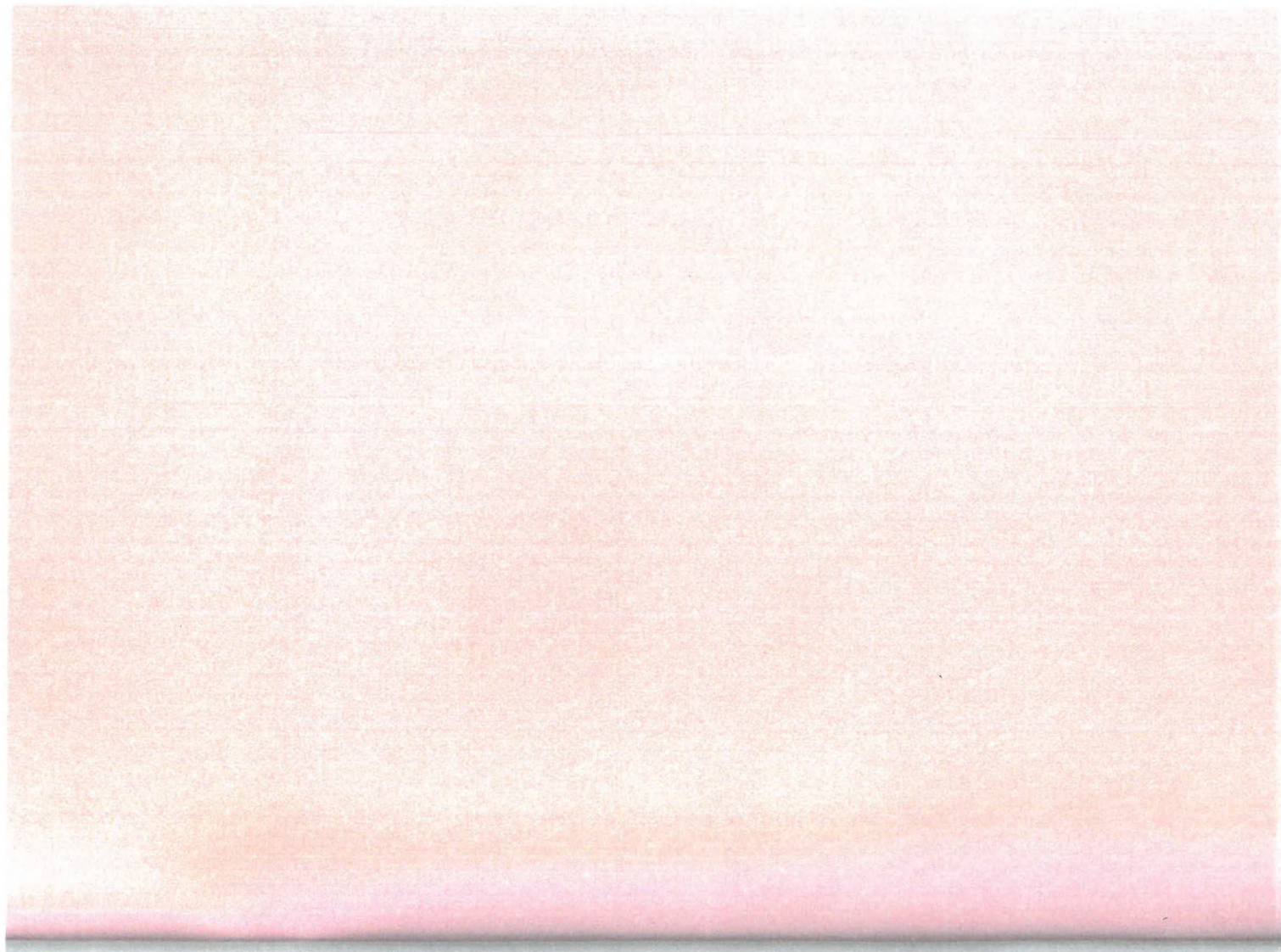
Congratulations to the 2014 prize winners.

Now let the 118<sup>th</sup> H&S Competition begin!











Just a note to let you know  
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HIDE AND SEEK 2015

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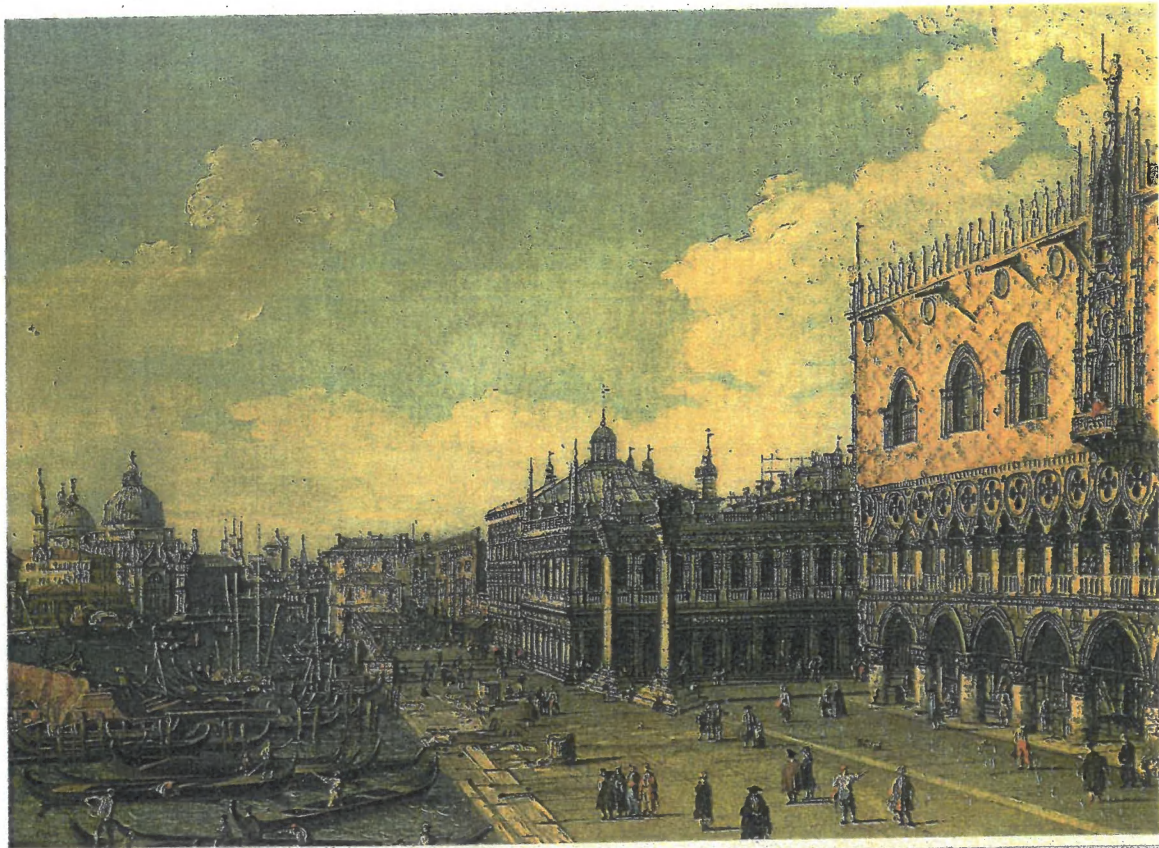
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Dear T. B.,

Many thanks for your order, and for the £10 which you sent. Please find the four copies of *H+S* enclosed.

If you are getting extra copies this year to share them with others, that's encouraging. It's good if the competition can be introduced to new 'seekers'. Someone else has, this time, ordered four copies so that he and three others in a small literary group can work at it together. If you should come across anyone else who is interested, I would be happy to send a free introductory copy if supplied with the address (or via you). Don't know if this will reach you before Christmas. Hope that you have a good Christmas and New Year.

Yours, Kenneth

VIEW OF THE MOLO LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE Antonio Canaletto (1697-1768)  
Christie's, London / Bridgeman Art Library, London  
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